

I.N.S.C.A.P.E

Vol. XXXIII

Fall 1989



INSCAPE CONTEST WINNERS

FICTION

FIRST PLACE

Extra Ice

by

Eric Cash

SECOND PLACE

The Envelope

by

Eric Cash

POETRY

FIRST PLACE

Soap

by

Jenny Bitner

SECOND PLACE

Amish Woman

by

Laura Caudill-Cash

ART

FIRST PLACE

Study in Black and White

by

Kirsten Aurelius

SECOND PLACE

Sundown

by

Kitty Wilson

CONTENTS

FICTION

Eric Cash	<i>Extra Ice</i>	2
	<i>The Envelope</i>	15
Stephen Fife	<i>Dads and Uncles</i>	28
Bil Farrar	<i>The Meeting</i>	42
Kirsten Aurelius	<i>Falling</i>	46

POETRY

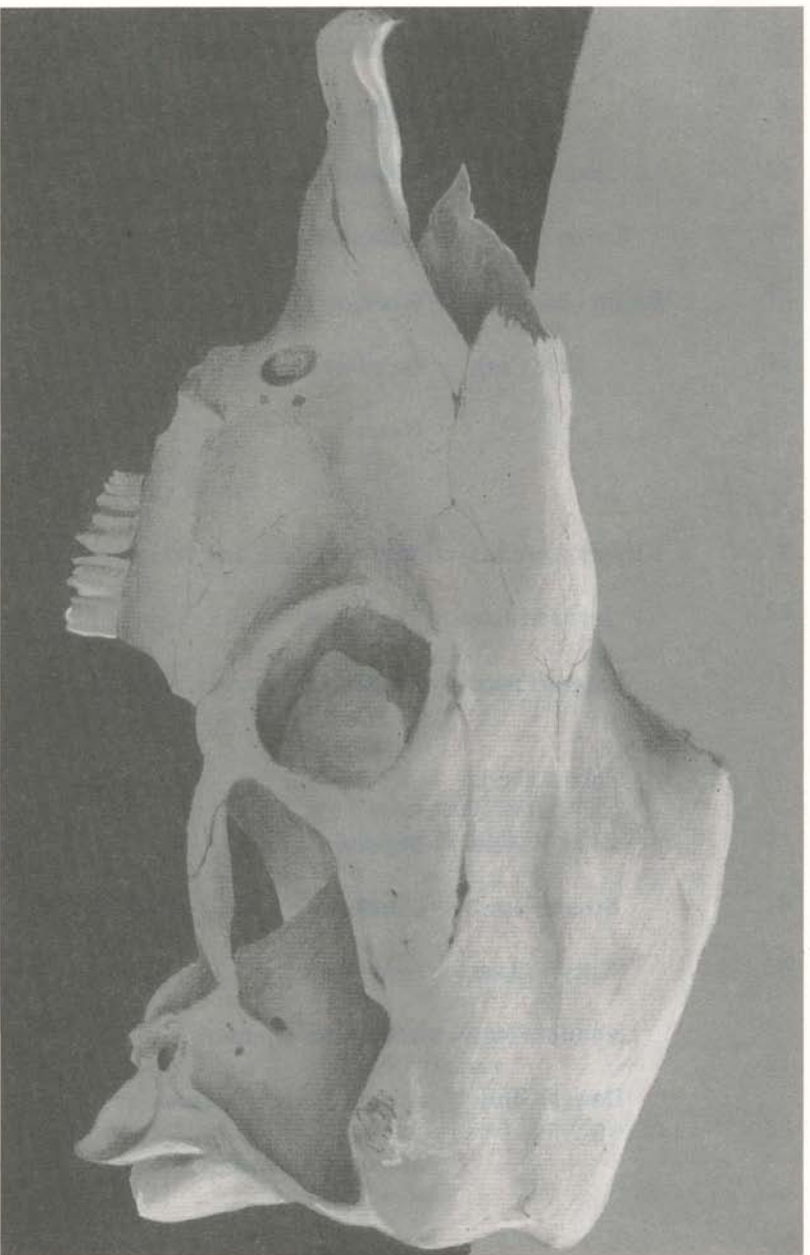
Jenny Bitner	<i>Soap</i>	8
	<i>Heart Bypass</i>	9
	<i>Kiss the Ground</i>	10
	<i>Sunday Morning</i>	11
	<i>Keepers</i>	12
	<i>My Father Sees the Snake</i>	
	<i>Woman in 1948</i>	13
Laura Caudill-Cash	<i>Amish Woman</i>	19
	<i>Plowing</i>	20
	<i>Beneath the Boats are</i>	
	<i>Indian Graves</i>	21
Chris Harbaugh	<i>Big Shoes at the Drive-Through</i>	24
	<i>Enough Said</i>	25
	<i>Crazy Swings</i>	26

Joe Knapka	<i>Rondeau: A Man Nearing 40 Walks Through His Childhood Haunts</i>	35
	<i>Nude</i>	36
Joan Altman	<i>Kissing Angels</i>	38
Karen Craigo	<i>Phosphenes</i>	39
Robin Gingerich	<i>Working Life</i>	40
Eric Cash	<i>One Day In July</i>	48
	<i>Home</i>	50

ART

Kirsten Aurelius	<i>Study in Black And White</i>	1
Jerry Miller	<i>Carmaleta</i>	7
Teague Pasco	<i>#4, Breach Cottages, High St., Wheatley</i>	14
Robert Davis	<i>Self Portrait</i>	18
Kitty Wilson	<i>Sundown</i>	23
Susan Fosset	<i>Untitled</i>	27
Kitty Wilson	<i>Isolation</i>	34
Jennifer Hart	<i>AND John Maddox</i>	37
Dewey Gibbs	<i>African Suite: Rhinoceros</i>	41
	<i>Moisnee--Canadian Moose</i>	45

FIRST PLACE ART



Study in Black and White

Kirsten Aurelius

Conk Drawing

FIRST PLACE FICTION

Eric Cash

Extra Ice

Calvin dropped his last cigar in the sand, missing his tumbler of iced tea by inches. The girl in the yellow bikini missed the football and fell back into the water with a splash.

"Damn."

His wife continued reading her novel.

"What's wrong, Calvin," she asked.

"Nothing."

He fumbled for his cigar as he watched two bright suns emerge from the blueness. Then wet black hair. The girl shook her head then searched for the football. He grabbed the cigar by its hot ash-tip.

"Damn!"

"What's the matter?"

Calvin reached for his iced tea and poured it over his burned fingers. His sunglasses fell from his face. Reaching for them, Calvin leaned his weight too far in the sagging lawnchair and spilled like molasses onto the hot sand.

"Damn it to hell."

Loretta bent the corner of the page she was on and set the book between her legs. She tilted her sun hat and slowly raised the mirrored sunglasses she had bought at the gift shop.

"You okay? What were you trying to do anyway?"

"Damn chair gave out. That's what happened."

"Can you blame it?" She had been riding him to go on a diet ever since she had seen a leaflet on heart attack victims in her doctor's office.

"Thanks a lot," he said. "I really needed that."

Calvin stood and brushed sand from his chest hairs. He reached for his

towel to dry tea from his arm. He had landed on the plastic tumbler. The sunglasses were crushed into small plastic pieces.

Scanning the beach to see if anyone in the crowd had noticed him, Calvin's eyes met those of a small boy playing with a MacDonald's shovel and pail. The boy grinned at him.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"I'm all right, but the glasses are a loss. I'm going to have to get some new ones. Think I'll walk up to that gift shop. Want to come along?"

"No," she said. "Think I'll just finish my book. I'm at a real steamy part."

Calvin frowned at her.

"I'm all right. Really. Go ahead."

He looked out toward the water. The girl was lying on a blanket listening to some rock band on one of those boom boxes with her football pals. The music sounded like sticks on an empty trash can.

"I need some more cigars and there's not much to look at anyway."

"Could you bring me some tea? Or maybe a pina colada? I think that would be nice."

"Maybe you shouldn't be drinking, Loretta."

"Cal, I might as well enjoy myself for a while."

"Sure," he said, waving his hand to silence her. "I'm sorry. You're right. I mean . . . why not?"

Calvin put on his sandals. He readjusted his trunks, stuffed his wallet and cigarette lighter halfway into the front of them. It was lucky, he thought, that he didn't have an erection. That would be difficult.

"Aren't you going to put your shirt on?"

"We're on vacation, Loretta. What do I need a shirt for?"

As he left, Loretta retrieved her novel and opened it to the page she had bent.

Walking to the shop, Calvin wondered how they would do the surgery. The thought of knives and blood made him feel woozy, so instead he tried to picture the girl in the yellow bikini.

The gift shop seemed new and smelled of incense.

Calvin liked the smell, but he couldn't place it, so he asked the woman behind the counter.

"It's sandalwood," she told him.

"Sandalwood? Bet they make that stuff out of the sandals that people leave here on the beach."

"My grandfather said the same thing!" She smiled.

"Your grandfather?"

"Yeah, my grandfather. He was a real funny man. You need anything else?" The corners of her mouth made chapped lines in her face when she spoke.

Calvin bought new sunglasses, reflective ones that made rainbows as he

shifted them in the light. He also bought a tee shirt that said "California: A State Of Mind" and a novel about the Civil War. He had liked the cover.

Outside the tiny bar that was decorated with an unlit neon palm tree and a flamingo, Calvin set the bag from the gift shop on the ground, put on the tee shirt and looked at himself in the sunglasses. Though the rainbow distortion made it hard to tell, he thought that he looked damned good for a man in his fifties. He could probably pass for a man in his forties. Even younger. He squinted an eye and two rainbows squinted back at him.

Calvin had hoped that the yellow bikini had managed to be in the bar, or something else as exciting, but except for the bartender and three blond-haired beach bums throwing darts the place was empty. He walked to the bar and ordered a whiskey sour without ice.

"Now that's more like it," the bartender told him. "We usually get people begging for extra ice."

"What's the use ordering a drink if all there is to it is ice?"

"That's what I tell 'em, but they never listen. Act like I'm cheating 'em or something if I give 'em more booze."

"Where I come from they get mad if you add too much ice."

"Makes sense to me, sir, but what can you do?"

The bartender reached for a bottle. Calvin set his bag on the bar, removed his wallet and lighter and took a stool. The bar was too air conditioned and he wished that he had on pants.

"You make me a burger?"

"No, but I can get you one. What kind?"

"Just a burger. Plain. No fries or anything. Just a burger."

"It'll take a couple of minutes. The grill's next door. You in a hurry?"

"Naw. Nothing to do but drink if you know what I mean."

"Sure," the bartender said, setting the whiskey sour on the bar. He walked to a service window cut in the wall.

Calvin took a sip of his drink, was surprised at its strength. He wished he had asked for the ice. The bartender was at the opposite end of the bar cleaning glasses.

Though he knew that it was wrong, Calvin began to think about the girl. He pictured her in Loretta's place at the kitchen table. Playing with Duffy, their terrier. Bobbing up and down beneath their sheets. On his arm, walking through the door at the VFW meeting house.

He rubbed a finger around the rim of the glass, imagining what he might find beneath her bikini.

"Another?"

"Huh?"

"Another drink, sir?"

His glass was empty.

"Sure. And this time could you add a little . . ."

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Never mind." Calvin drank his second staring at himself in the bar mirror. In the semi-darkness at his back the tables seemed far in the distance, the walls greyed with shadows. He wasn't too bad. Lose a few pounds. Tuck a wrinkle or two.

"Hey, sir. Is something the matter?"

"What'd you say?"

"What's with the face, man?"

"Oh, I didn't realize."

"What's the deal?"

"It's my wife. Cancer."

"Oh, man! Sorry to hear it."

"That's why we're here. We're . . . the doctor said a few days to clear her head might do some good."

The bartender stared at him.

"How do you figure? One minute it's a just few lumps, the next they want to . . ."

An arm set his order inside the serving window. The bartender raised his hands in the air and shrugged. He set the plate on the bar. "You sure you don't want ketchup or mustard or anything?"

"This is fine."

"Listen," the bartender said in a low voice, his hands resting just behind the plate. "She's not going to? Is she real bad?"

"No. They're just going to have to cut her . . . you know."

"Shit, man. My sister-in-law's aunt had that happen. Said it was really horrible. But . . . I mean at least she's not going to die, is she? At least you can be thankful for that."

"Yeah. At least we can be thankful for that."

"Listen. You sure you don't want a little mustard? Maybe some fries?"

"No. I'm fine. Thanks."

"Glad to be of help, sir."

Calvin ate his hamburger in silence. The bartender made a show of wiping a spot of water from the bar, then went back to cleaning glasses. Every now and then, for Calvin's benefit, he would whistle a long whistle softly to himself. Calvin ordered an iced tea, a pina colada, and three White Owl cigars to go. He stuffed the White Owls into the sack and put on his sunglasses.

"Hey, I really like those shades. From the gift shop, right?"

"Yeah. Just bought them."

"Where have you been for so long?" Loretta asked, bending another page in her book. "You've been gone almost two hours."

"Just did a little shopping. What do you think?"

"I like the shirt, but the sunglasses will have to go. You're not sixteen, you know."

"I kind of like 'em."

"Then wear them. I don't care."

"Here," Calvin said, handing her the drink.

"But the ice has melted. Why didn't you ask for extra ice?"

"The bartender was short on it. Hey, I've got you a new book. It's about the Civil War. I hope you'll like it."

"The Civil War?"

"I thought that it might be a change of pace."

Loretta sipped at her drink and examined the new novel. "It sure is a long one. But the Civil War?"

"I thought you'd like the Scarlet O'Hara types on the cover. Sue me."

"No, it's okay. I bet it'll be good."

Calvin worked with the lawnchair, tested it, then sat and lighted a cigar. Smoke drifted out toward the water.

"Listen, Loretta. It's not going to be so bad, you know."

"Not now."

"But the doctor said . . ."

"Not now! Okay, honey? Later."

"Sure."

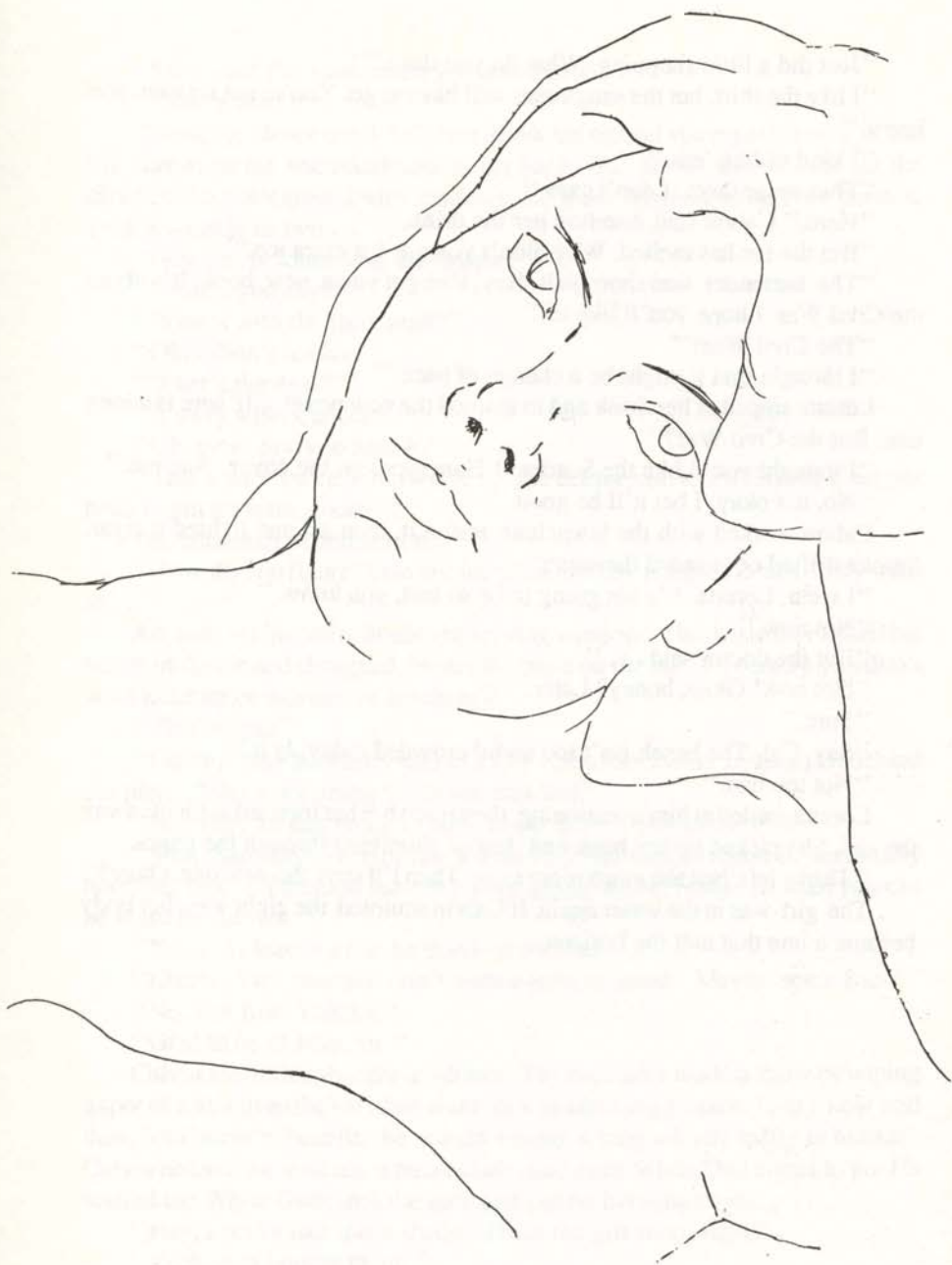
"Say, Cal. The beach isn't too awful crowded today. Is it?"

"Not too bad."

Loretta smiled at him questioning, then tilted her hat forward to block away the sun. She picked up her book and began thumbing through the pages.

"Thirty left. Not too much more to go. Then I'll start the new one. Okay?"

The girl was in the water again. If Calvin squinted the right way, her body became a line that met the horizon.



Carmaleta

Jerry Miller

Line Etching

FIRST PLACE POETRY

Jenny Bitner

Soap

for my friend Carla

I kept you as the only clean space,
the way I wash my face at night and feel
the best I do all day. Thinking of you,
somewhere out there, doing things right
was like an egg in the palm of my hand.
When we were children, I was afraid to touch
my own eye, a thing so clear in my head,
but sometimes I would finger
it with dirty hands. I handled
you that way, gentle, but with soft gloves
and then when your absence threatened
to white-me out like bad print,
or make me feel clumsy like that soft
spot on a baby's head, I wanted to make you dirty.
Give you substance. And keep you clean.
Getting drunk and hitchhiking
in a pick-up with four men, seemed huge
next to you; I felt wild. But, when I hated
that feeling like the taste of a cigarette kiss
and strange hands, I could pull back like a dog
curling onto itself, creating a center of warmth,
where you were, taking up no space.

HONORABLE MENTION

Jenny Bitner

Heart Bypass

Over coffee my friend talks to me about love.
"In true love," he says, "there is no need."
Like magic carpets we float over each other, geometric
patterns dancing, and swaying, never touching the ground,
never holding on like a baby
automatically circling a finger with his fist.
Since my Father's triple bypass he is a littler
man, if I were to draw him he would be yellow.
My mother looks across the car at me,
"He doesn't like me to leave the house," she says
"Last night he asked me where I was going twice
said, 'Please come back early.' He is a different
man." When did this come to him, the shrinking,
the hardening, his own body turning against him?
They have started to make love again, their flesh taking
on a new heaviness, so they do not float, but wade
together into something slowly, carefully, their bodies
new in their oldness. My father touching deep
inside my mother, a place still soft.

Jenny Bitner

Kiss the Ground

Humus--dark and rich as chocolate cake--
only here in this edible pack

mushrooms-- white skin and food for tongues
light as a baby's foot

Sweating Mushroom, Bleeding Mycena
but none are ever breathing

Amanita Mold is flesh, shaped into
a penis exiting the ground.

Of all the parts, these float--
Lilac Fiber Head, Spongy-Footed Tooth.

Thick black stumps of rot
break into Dead Man's Fingers

and the names keep swearing
Death Cap, Deadly Cort, Corpse

Finders-- black Judas that kiss
the ground and say here

the body will break into a million
handfuls of feet.

Jenny Bitner

Sunday Morning

When we touched, you were like water
and I was water too--
everything we did was pure. Like amnesia,
a simple absence of past,
like someone had burned a fire
in you, had cleared out all of the old wood,
so you were hollow, and I had lit the match
and you had lit the match, and we made an altar of sex.
Why not, what is there to worship
anyway but horses and strawberries? I spend all
of my time trying to be without time and this is where
it stops. And who is so bland like an old
chestnut not to want to burn again? Until they
have stripped away everything, and are left finally with only
the slow rebuttoning, the yellow
light shining in the window. The drugged
morning body. If there is an edge
to sweetness, it comes in the morning
and lightly, like sour milk set on your doorstep.

Jenny Bitner

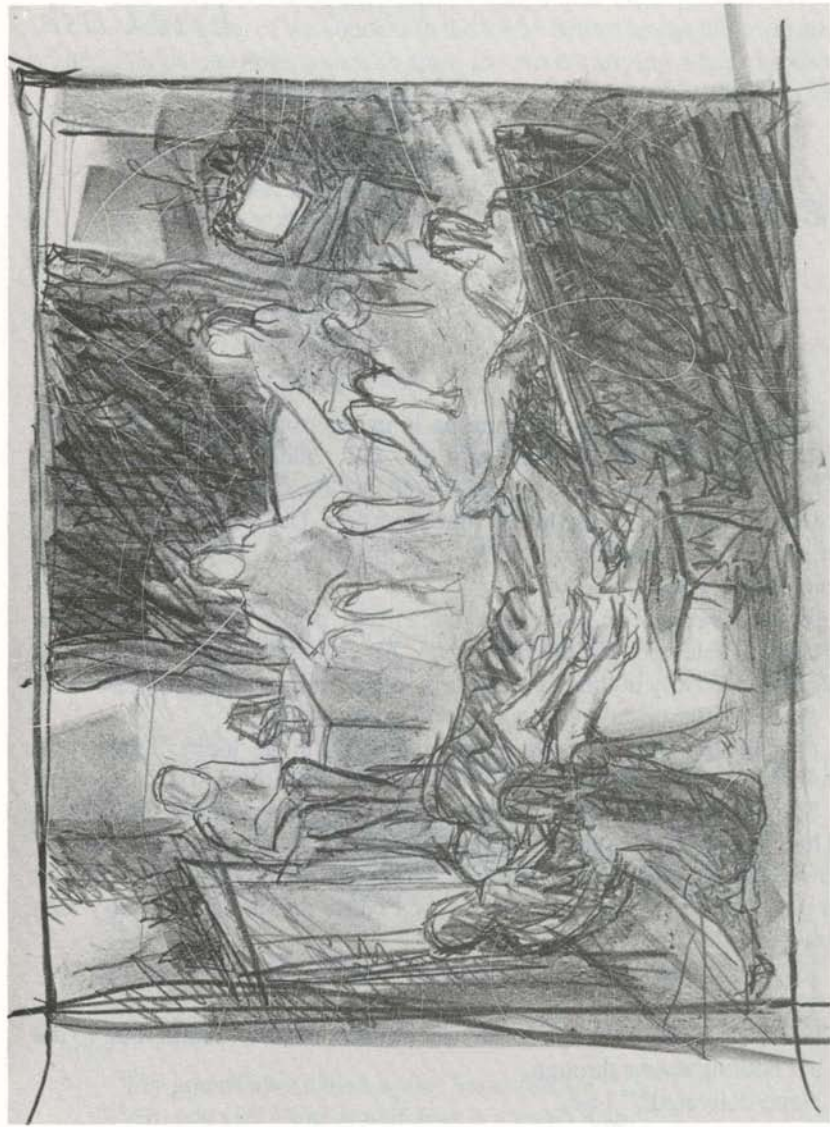
Keepers

There were two minutes when I was four.
My father wanted to see momma's
body move down the sliding board.
Everyone's eyes on her thighs, blue of the slide, curving
into the water. Woman going down.
And I alone plop
like a lead dumpling
on the bottom--
spinning head, mouth, momma, I
let go like easy dust
sucked in a vacuum.
Woman bobs up, smiling
eyes on her man. The child
a love letter lost under
a heavy door, it's white tip
a corner to catch and pull
out like a fish
big enough to keep.

Jenny Bitner

My Father Sees the Snake Woman in 1948

The tent was back of the old church,
in the woods where we cut down our Christmas trees
They had a unicorn, with plaster of Paris horn,
and a chicken that was blue.
I didn't go to see the animals.
I came to see the woman they all talked about,
with the snakes.
You had to go to the pit to see her,
it was deeper than twenty graves
and the dirt piled in a mound in back.
Some of the boys were standing up on the mound,
but I stood at the edge of the pit. Wasn't well lit, mind you, but she was visible.
She was wearing snake skins sewed together
covering her breasts and small black panties,
and the snakes were everywhere, weaving in her hair
and round her arm in thick bands.
It smelled almost like a barn yard, except for the smell
of something burning that smelled like India or China.
A couple of the men yelled at me
but they all just kept staring,
smoking their cigarettes and whispering like in church. Then she did a dance
with the snakes, moving
her hips round in circles, and holding them up to her red
lips like they were tasty as cherry pie. I didn't know
which I wanted to do more-- touch
her skin, or bury her back under the dirt.



#4, Breach Cottages, High St., Wheatley

Teague Pasco

Crayonstone Lithograph

SECOND PLACE FICTION

Eric Cash

The Envelope

My grandfather calls me again at ten in the morning begging me to stop smoking. I lie to him and say that I will try, but cannot bring myself to lie enough to say that I have quit. He preaches to me about how the city will ruin my health. He has been doing this for four years now. I ask him for a few bucks, but he says he can't afford it right now. I tell him that it's okay and that I miss him very much. I do.

I get out of bed, put on jeans and a flannel shirt, decide not to shower, walk out to catch the elevator. On the ride down, Mr. Schultz and Mr. Herman, the Jewish gays, are Holy in their simple black dress as they enter from the ninth floor. They quietly discuss where they will go for lunch.

I meet the boy who lives two floors up from me in the lobby. I greet him with a friendly "good morning." He collects his mail from Alston, the desk clerk. The boy has a satin black jacket draped over his shoulders, has permed blond hair that reaches his ass. He looks like a punk Dracula. He doesn't bother to answer. My ex-girlfriend moved in with him two months ago. He probably thinks that it bothers me that she likes his cock better than mine. He is too young to know better.

"Just one," Alston tells me. He makes a show of taking the letter out of my slot. "Hope it's good news, Gabe."

The envelope has neither a stamp, nor a return address. I hold it up to the light, but nothing shows through.

"Hand-delivered?" I ask.

"Has it got a stamp?"

"No."

"Then it must be hand-delivered."

"Do you . . ."

"No. Must've come in during Margie's shift."

"Thanks."

"Hope it's good news."

"When does a hand-delivered envelope ever mean good news?"

I walk to one of the couches in the lobby before he can think up an answer. Mr. Phelps, the Pole, comes in from the street carrying a large cardboard box. Mr. Phelps moved here after his wife died. He is one of the few men that I have met with grey hair that I can talk to.

"Need some help, Mr. Phelps?"

"No. No thank you, Gabe. I think I can manage."

He walks over and sets the box at my feet.

"Now what have you in your hand?"

"A letter, Mr. Phelps."

"Good news or bad?"

"I haven't opened it yet."

"Oh. Do you mind if I sit?"

"Of course not."

Mr. Phelps sits and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand. "I'm getting too old to carry such loads, eh?"

"What do you have there, Mr. Phelps?"

"Books. Another book store going out of business."

"Not Lori's Books on the corner?"

"No. Another, three blocks over."

"Well, I'm glad it's not Lori's. I like that place."

"Yes. Lori is a nice woman. She orders books for me without a deposit."

"She is very nice."

"Yes. But what of this letter that you refuse to open?"

"I just sat down. But the more I think of it, the less I want to open it. It was hand-delivered."

"Ah. Well, the sooner you open it, the sooner you will know."

I light a cigarette. Mr. Phelps extends his hand and I give him one.

"Gabe. Smoking is a bad habit, but I like the taste so much."

It is a game he plays with me.

"Mr. Phelps, smoking causes lung cancer. It says so right here on the package."

"Strange, Gabe, that so many people smoke when they are told it's bad for them."

"My grandfather called again. Same lecture."

"Ah, you see! Your grandfather is a smart man."

"He is in his nineties and is becoming senile as a politician."

"I am in my seventies. I am not senile and I smoke."

"Then perhaps you are senile and my grandfather is okay."

"Ha. Were I so lucky to die in this stinking city of lung cancer, I would

dance on my own grave."

I open the envelope and unfold the note. It is typewritten. It is from Angela. It says that she is tired of Dracula's cock and wants to move back in with me.

"Good news or bad?"

"It's hard to say, Mr. Phelps. It's hard to say."

"Well?"

"It's from Angela, the girl who stayed with me before I lost my job at the plant."

"Yes. A pretty one at that. She is crying on the paper, no? She can't live without the touch of your strong young arms?"

I laugh. "Something like that."

"You are how old, Gabe. Thirty-three? Thirty-four?"

"And without a job."

"Every man falls on his hard times. You'll get another job soon. You will take her back?"

"Maybe. Do you think I should?"

"She could help you with the bills. No?"

"I can make it on my unemployment for a while."

"So, she has slept with another man. Big deal. She was virgin when she went to your bed? I would take her back. I am seventy and would like to have a woman to touch at night. But you, you are young, who is to say what I would do if I were you."

"Yeah. I'll probably take her back. I'll make her sweat first, though."

"Good idea. You can't seem too willing, you know."

"If you don't, tell her of this old man with his books."

"I sure will. Good bye, Mr. Phelps."

"What? You are leaving?"

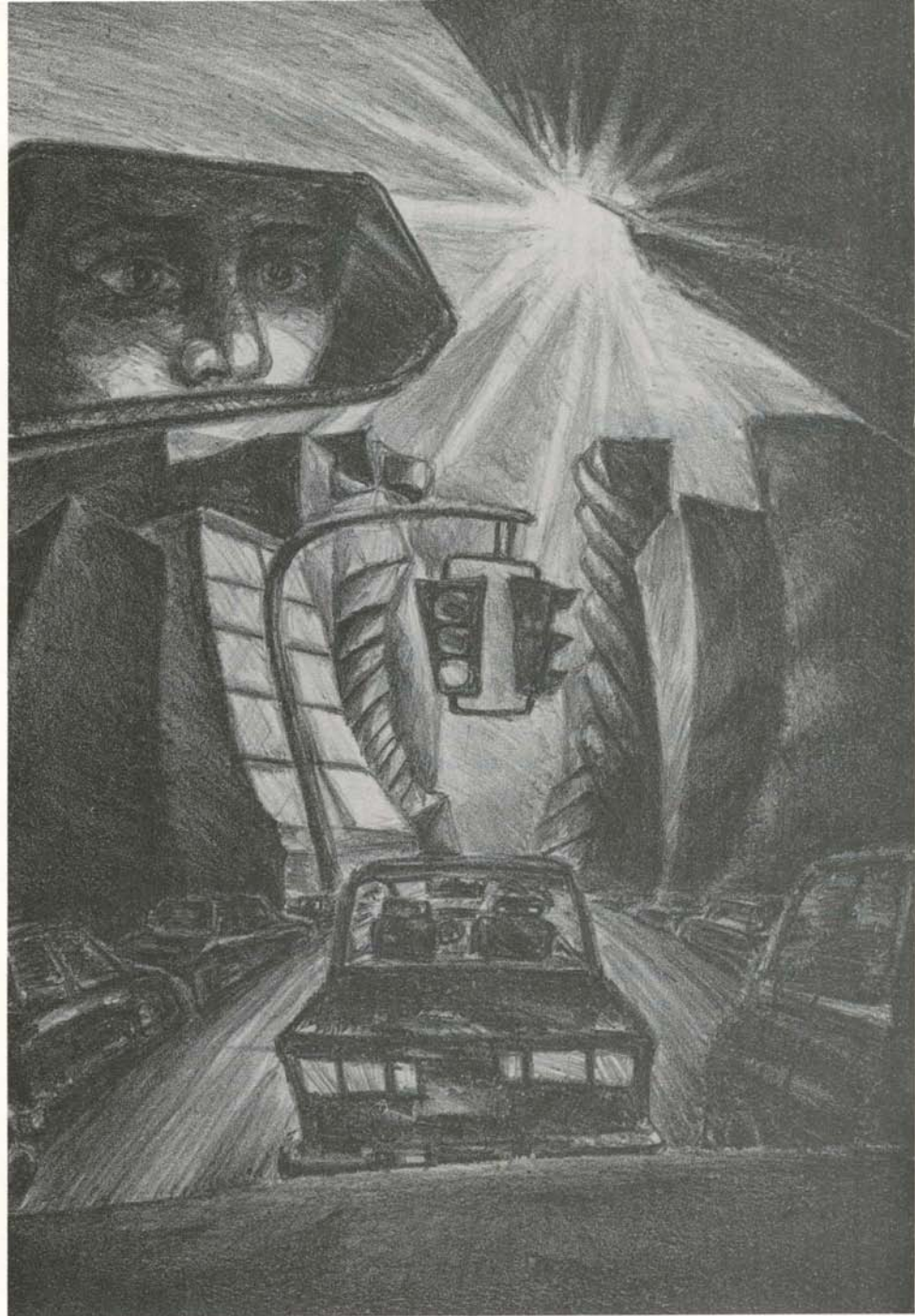
"I'm going to spend my last few dollars."

"Ah. Well, spend it wisely."

Outside the hotel, the streets are the same as they always are. Full of people and trash. The walk to the book store seems to take a long time. Lori is waiting, it seems, her dark blue eyes inviting, yet tired. The store is empty. The books watch me as she begins her speech about how she hates what she has to do for a living, to make ends meet. I give her the money. I tell her that things will probably soon pick up. It is the same lie I always tell her. She hands me the powder tucked neatly inside its plastic pouch.

Later, in my room a cockroach crawls across the coffee table. It rises as if in prayer and touches the tip of the cold needle. I let it crawl around a bit more before I crush it under my thumb. I get up to call my grandfather, but the room shifts in strange angles. I lean against the wall and pick at the cracking paint.

There is a knock at the door. I fumble with the chains to let her in. I am old enough to know better than to let her wait.



Self Potrait

Robert Davis

Crayonstone Lithograph

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Laura Caudill-Cash

Amish Woman

In the shopping mall she
reminds me of a quiet song

sung in a low voice for no one else to hear,
embarrassed to be a spectacle. And the others
stare at her like a carnival side show--
see the remnant of an oppressive age. I am
calmed by her presence, so strong beneath the black
dress and cap pulled tight at her chin. She moves
from housewares to diapers, resting a newborn infant
upon her pregnant belly-- an egg wrapped in heavy cloth.
And behind her, chirping softly, are the two who reach
out small white fingers to touch each animal stuffed
in the lowest shelf. Each touch asks, "Why not?"
and, "Why?" with looks that melt into the black
pools of her eyes, making her seem sad to answer.
But they are contented. And I wonder how it feels
to be her--if her bed feels cold when she climbs
in at night--how her husband looks in dim lamp light.
Like a lover of another to serve? She answers to cries
of wide mouths which gape to receive her gatherings.

Laura Caudill-Cash

Plowing

In spring, my father
rides the cub tractor
through last year's
garden spot and turns
corn stalks and dead
weeds under black soil.
The ground is cool
and smothers the craggly
foliage, leaving only
small sticks puncturing
up to the surface like
fears that we turn under
and blend into us. We
only notice them occasionally
when we step on them
and they cut into our feet.

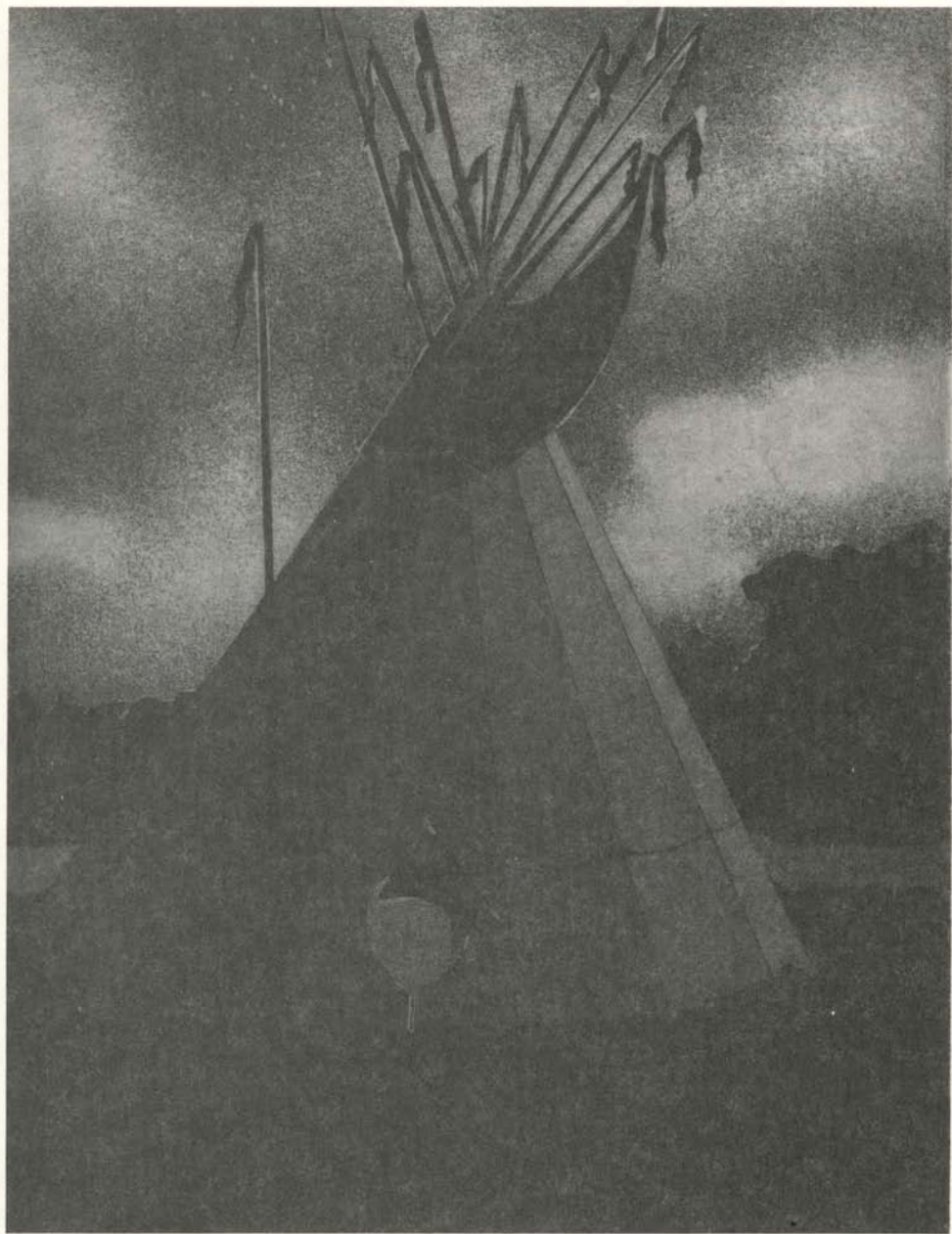
Laura Caudill-Cash

Beneath the Boats are Indian Graves

Down by the water's edge, tiny rocks
and sand crunch to swallow my feet,
and I curl my toes to make them tighter
in my shoes. The lake is a glass abyss today--
black and concealing with winds that freeze
through my thick coat, making me resist
stuffing my pockets with colorful limestones.
Tender waves lap at them like hungry dogs,
reaching out wet tongues for the last morsel.
It was 1969, but I can somehow remember
seeing the dam rise up from the water--
so strange in the wooded hills seeing
cranes lift steel beams and large blocks
of concrete to hold back the floods. My father
told me of an Indian burial mound submerged
along with some small farms. He
and my uncle used to look for arrow heads
in the grass there. No one moved
the mound when houses and whole
cemeteries were transplanted to compensate
the reservoir. Perhaps they feared
an Indian curse. I wonder if it is those
spirits who speak through the wind here--
rocking the sailboats in summer and humming
lullabies in the trees at night. Finally

the perfect rock, and I pull my pockets
inside out, freeing my hands. The stone
is rounded triangular, brown and flat
with a hole through it to make
a necklace. The winds seem warmer.

SECOND PLACE ART



Sundown

Kitty Wilson

Aquatint Print

HONORABLE MENTION

Chris Harbaugh

Big Shoes at the Drive-Through

The speaker-box from the Hardee's drive-through
Squawks an endless litany of instructions and options
Like vital communiques from mission control.
Mini-vans and pick-up trucks respond and
Burp serpentine across the tarmac to trade
Dollars for breakfast biscuits and hot coffee.
I'm bumper to bumper with a monkey-shit-brown Seville,
Looks like a luxury Gremlin. It brings to mind my
Grandfather's perfect, white, '61 cowcatcher
Cadillac with lethal stratocaster fins.
I remember the huge back seat could hold
More than 30 quarts of strawberries. When Mom
Finished the first June picking, Grandma would
Come over and we'd load them, still wet with
Dew into the Caddy. I'd ride along to "help" deliver
Them to friends and family. It was always "hands
Off the cigarette lighter," and "don't play with
Grandpa's dress shoes, honey." Grandpa left his
Church shoes in the car, he only wore them
One hour a week. He hated them. I loved the
Incredible heaviness of those cordovan
Florshiem wingtips on my five-year-old feet.
Large coffee, black. That's it.
"Please drive through."

Chris Harbaugh

Enough Said

My grandfather never said much
But he had a glint in his eye
And he taught me to play rummy.
I helped him do chores,
Feed pails weighted our steps,
Mindful of maple tree roots
On the way to the barn
That smelled of old hay and tractor oil.

My grandfather never said much
He just chewed the end of a
King Edward Imperial and
Kicked back in his Lay-Z-Boy,
Quietly holding court on Sunday afternoons.

My grandfather never said much
But he didn't have to,
My grandmother said it for him.
And her sentences ended with such authority
That no one, not even my father
Would ever question her.

Chris Harbaugh

Crazy Swings

I'd lead a posse of neighborhood semi-toughs,
pockets bulging with yard-mowing money
on a ripped-ride-ticket and popcorn box trail
cross-town towards the ferris-wheel lights
that climbed skyward above the tree tops.

We flowed through the crowd like water over rocks
as the click-clack of the fortune wheels marked time,
intoxicated by the cheap perfume of cotton candy
and must canvas, we rushed to be the first to taste
it all, lose every cent on games of chance with
no chance, and ride every ride, like the Crazy Swings--
little metal milkcrates connected by chains
to a frame that twirled around. And if you could
get a seat by your girl, you could hold hands
while the damn thing spun so fast,
it pulled your stomach right down to your knees.

The night always ended with fireworks,
fireworks that were thrust up into the warm,
moist, summer sky in impossible blossoms
that usurped the power of the stars to amaze
until there was nothing to do but wait,
wait for the Carnival to return
to give us a reason to look up again.



untitled

Susan Fossett

Photograph

HONORABLE MENTION

Steven Fife

Dads and Uncles

Growing up in a small town, I played baseball on the dirt lot with the other boys during the summer and skated on Miller's Pond when it froze over in the winter. Like the other boys, I watched the mail every day, hoping there would be something with my name on it. The only difference was that while they were waiting for the latest issue of National Geographic or Boys Life, I was waiting for a letter from Uncle Raymond.

Uncle Raymond was the black sheep of the family, if you wanted to call him that. I thought he would have been the perfect Dad, since I only had a father. He never settled down, never kept the same job for more than a year, nor did he ever fail to send me a letter from some new place about every month. Once he sent me a letter from Alaska with some gold dust in it!

My father, Uncle Raymond's brother, didn't like all of the stories I would get from Ray.

"Puts ideas into the boys head," he would tell my mother.

He was right, but not in the way he meant. I had a map of the world hanging on my wall, with a red mark on every spot that Uncle Raymond said he had been to. It was my idea to visit these places when I grew up, maybe to meet Uncle Raymond in some far corner of the world and share an adventure with him. Maybe just to share a laugh with him, which was more than I could do with my father: he never laughed.

On my way home from school one day in early November, I was marveling at the millions of colors on the trees when I heard a car coming up our lane. I stepped out of the road and turned to see who was coming to see us and my heart nearly burst with excitement: it was a taxi! The closest taxi was in Franklin, almost twenty miles away, so whoever it was had to have traveled in on the bus,

and there was only one person who would do that: Uncle Raymond!

I started to run up the road, trying to beat the taxi to the front of the yard and see who it was. The car pulled up beside of me then slowed down to match my speed. I was ready to really push it when a head stuck out the window and a low, rough voice said,

"Boy, I tell you! I didn't run that fast when that polar bear was after me!"

"Uncle Raymond!" I called, breathless and still running.

"Better hurry, Boy, I'm only going to be here for a week or so and you may not get to see me!" he called back, his laugh sounding like the thunder of a summer storm. We got to the house at the same time (the driver slowed down so I could keep up) and out he jumped, all six feet three inches of him. He looked like a giant.

"Where you been this time, Uncle Ray?" I asked, jumping up to hug him. "Hey, what happened to your beard?"

"Boy, I had to get rid of it," he said, scratching his chin as if he had forgotten it was gone. "Those hot days down in Venezuela were just too much on a man with a beard."

"Venezuela? That's down in South America, ain't it?"

"Yep, right at the top of her."

"But why didn't you write me from there?" I asked, suddenly hurt, thinking he had forgotten me.

"Well, I was only there for two weeks when I decided to come home. So I brought the letter I had wrote to you myself," he said, reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a tattered-looking envelope and handed it to me. I felt like someone had just handed me a million dollars. I thanked him as the taxi driver unloaded his suitcases from the trunk of the car.

"That'll be \$25.00 for the round trip," he said, extending his hand toward Uncle Ray.

"No problem," said Ray, pulling a wad of bills out of his pocket that would have choked a horse! He peeled off a fifty and handed it to the driver. "Keep the change," he said.

"Thanks, Mister!" said the driver. He climbed back into the car and drove back down the road, waving backwards to us out the open window as we walked to the front door. My father had come out and was standing on the porch, looking at Uncle Ray with his serious face. This was the face I got when I was in big trouble.

"Evening, Ray," he said. "How long you in for this time?"

"Good to see you, too, Arthur." He stuck out his hand and waited for his brother to shake it. Reluctantly, my father returned the handshake.

"Come on in, Ray, Celia should have supper on the table in a few minutes."

"Thanks, Art. My stomach thinks my throat is cut, it's been so long since I ate." He picked up his bags and went into the house.

My father went back into the living room and sat down in his favorite chair, which just happened to be in front of the television set. Uncle Raymond sat down his bags then took a seat on the couch. He suddenly looked very tired.

"So how've you been since we last saw you, almost three years ago?" asked my father.

"To tell you the truth, not so good," began Ray. "I was up in Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, digging for gold for a while, but the cold was more than I could take. I weren't too thrilled with the bears, neither," he said. I laughed and got a look from my father.

"Chad," my father said to me, "why don't you put Ray's bags in your room? You can sleep down here on the couch while he's here." He gave me another one of his looks, this one said "do it and don't ask questions", so I got up and carried the bags upstairs, which was a job in itself. They must have weighed a ton! I thought both of them were filled with gold or money. I could hear my father talking in his quiet voice but couldn't tell what he was saying, even though the tone was plain; he was not happy about Uncle Raymond's visit.

As I started back down stairs, my mother stepped into the living room and called for supper. She didn't even seem to notice Ray.

"Chad!" she called just as I hit the bottom step. "Go up and get your sister, tell her it's time to eat."

"OK, Mother," I said, turning to go back up the stairs.

Elaine is a real pain. She just turned 15 (four years older than me) and now she thinks she's a grownup. I beat on her door with my fist, knowing it would irritate her.

"Chad, I'm going to pound you!" she called through the door.

"Mother says dinner, so get down stairs!" I hurried back to the kitchen, not wanting to miss any more of Uncle Raymond's stories than I already had. I took my place at the table and waited for my sister to come in.

"Mom!" she said as she entered the room, "would you tell Chad..." She stopped in mid-sentence.

"Hi, Elaine. You sure have growed up since I saw you last," said Ray, putting on his best smile.

"Uncle Ray!" she said, forgetting all about being mad at me. She ran over to him and hugged him, asking him the same questions my father had asked.

"Sit down, daughter, before dinner gets cold," said my mother.

Dinner was the quietest one I could remember. I wanted to talk to Ray, but my father kept that look on his face that told me not to.

"You know," said Ray suddenly, "I met a fella up in Canada, said he was looking for something they call Big Foot, or Sasquatch. Supposed to be the missing link or something like that. I told him, I says 'Mister, kids is the missing link. They eat like animals, act like animals, even smell like 'em if they're boys, yet they can still think and figure out how to do things.' Well, he looked like I

had just killed him, then he bust out laughing, saying as how I must have been to his house. I says 'Nope, just spent one meal time with my nephew.' He looked at me and winked, knowing that I knew who he meant. Then he stuck his face in his mashed potatoes and growled, acting like a bear. I couldn't help it; I started laughing and couldn't stop.

"Chad!" said my father.

"Raymond, if you can't conduct yourself with proper manners at the table, you can eat on the porch!" said my mother. I was still laughing. Elaine was smiling, thinking about how much trouble I was in.

"Chad, that's enough," said my father, using his famous death-or-destruction voice. I couldn't stop. I laughed myself right out of the chair and onto the floor! Still, the picture of Uncle Ray's face in his potatoes kept coming back, making me laugh more and more.

"Ray, I want to talk to you outside," said my father, but I didn't hear it; I was suddenly racked with a spasm that brought my dinner back up on the kitchen floor.

"Oh, my Lord!" said my mother. She was getting her mop and bucket out of the closet just as the second wave hit.

"All over my new linoleum!" she said. "Chad, don't ever do this again." She began to mop up the mess I had made.

I managed to get up from the floor, shakily, and went to the bathroom to clean off my face and my pants. When I returned to the kitchen I noticed my father and Ray were gone.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Dad said he wanted to talk to Ray outside," said Elaine. I started for the door but my mother stopped me.

"No, you don't. You sit back down and eat, young man."

"Serves you right," said Elaine. I stuck my tongue out at her.

"Mom!" she cried.

"Be quiet, Elaine. I have a splitting headache," said my mother.

I ate as much as I could then asked to be excused. My mother waved her hand at me to get lost. I made a bee line for the back door.

In the near-darkness, I could see my father and Uncle Raymond out by the shed where the lawn mower was. I dropped down on my belly and Injun crawled up to where they were.

"Must have been rough, Ray. Why didn't you let us know?" asked my father. Know what?

"Wouldn't have done any good, even if I could. No phones within a hundred miles of that place and it takes two weeks for the train to come back. Just plain isolated," said Ray, not sounding like the hearty man I knew.

"I never would have thought it of you. Of all people, you were the last one I figured would ever marry."

Married! Uncle Raymond!? Where was she, then?

"That's why we moved in there, because of the isolation. It was so peaceful there, Art, you could almost hear your heart beat. When Melody was around, you could hear mine." He looked up at the sky, seeming to lose himself for a minute.

"I really thought I'd found what I'd been looking for. She was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen! And smart? I been just about everywhere and done damn near everything, but she made me look like a real fool on some things. She knew more about cows than me and I had a ranch out in Wyoming once!" I didn't remember him writing me about a ranch.

"So what you planning now?" asked my father.

"I thought I'd stay here with you for a few days then go back. I gotta make sure that marker is put up right." Marker? On his gold claim? Or is it silver in Venezuela?

"I wish you hadn't lied to Chad, Ray. He thinks you just got in from South America!" my father said, laughing a little.

"I know. But how do you tell an 11 year-old boy that your wife died less than a month ago?"

Died!

"I wrote the letter on the way down here on the bus. Got to talking to some fellar who was there a few years back. Used his stories, just changed 'em some. Chad won't know the difference until he gets older." He stopped for a minute again, wiping his eyes with his hand.

"Anyway, after tonight I guess you don't want me around," said Ray, sniffing a little.

"Are you kidding? It was all I could do not to bust up like Chad did!" said my father, beginning to laugh. "If you could have seen yourself!" My father was laughing!

"I guess I did look kind of stupid, but I didn't want the boy to think anything was wrong."

I crawled back to the house as quiet as I could, not wanting to hear any more. Uncle Raymond had finally married, only to have her die. He was alone again.

On the couch, when I was supposed to be sleeping, I read the letter that came from South America by way of a stranger. It was filled with talk of drillin' for oil and fighting savages in the jungle, the kind of thing Uncle Raymond would have liked. The kind of stories he knew I would want to read.

He stayed for three more days, keeping to himself most of the time. I tried to talk to him about South America but couldn't, not wanting to remind him of why he left where ever he had really been, of the wife he lost.

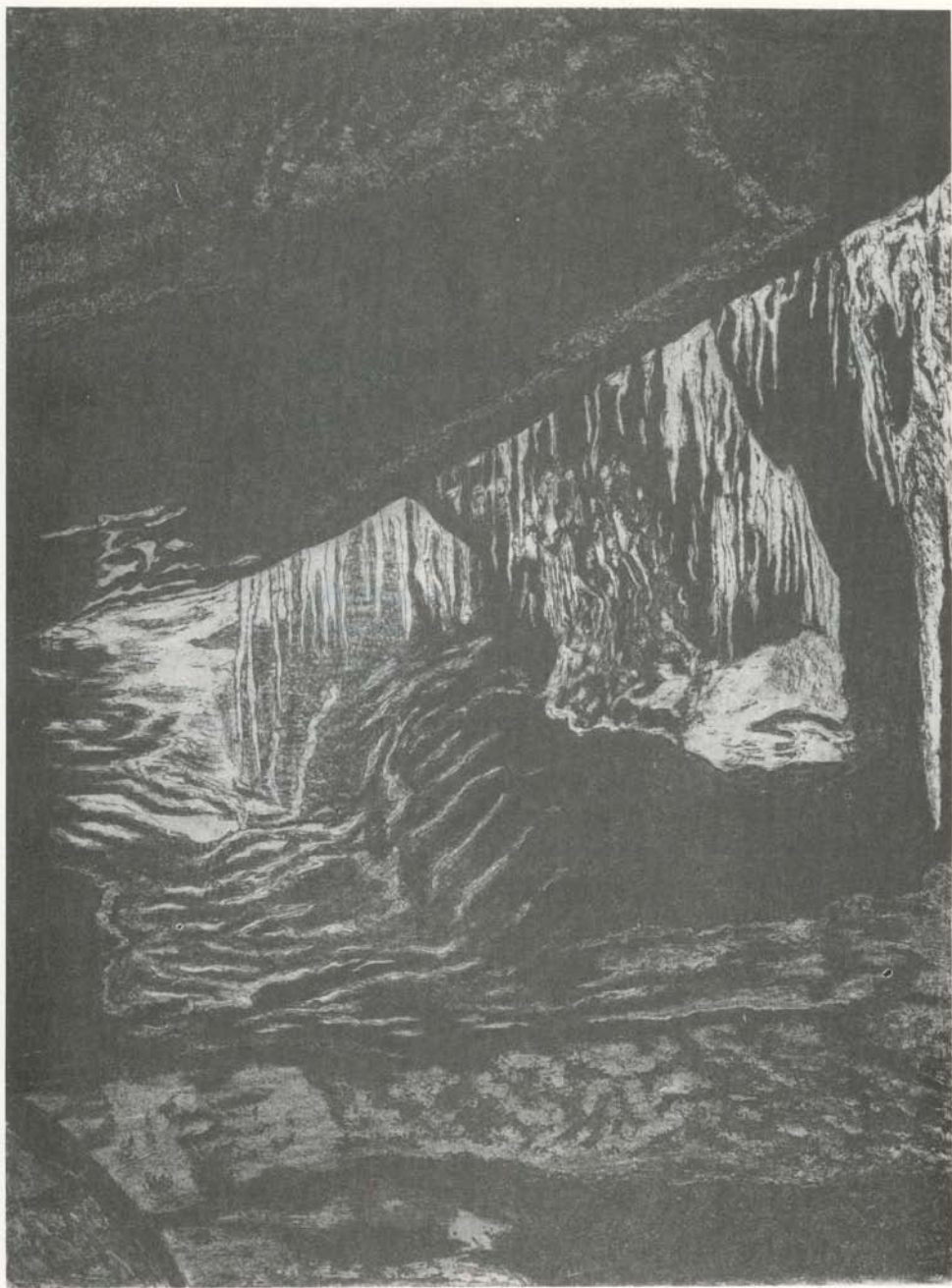
A year later, we got a letter from the police chief in Fairbanks, Alaska, telling us that Uncle Raymond had been killed in a hunting accident and that his personal effects were being sent to us.

My father didn't say a word; not one word.

When we sat down to eat, I was perhaps the most solemn 12 year-old boy in the world. The man with whom I wanted to travel the world with was dead. His wife had died, leaving him alone as before but now with something missing. Now I had something missing.

"You know," said my father, "Ray was right; kids are the missing link." With that said, he plunged his face into the potatoes on his plate and began to growl.

"Arthur!" yelled my mother. In spite of myself, I began to laugh, wondering what it would be like to travel the world with a Dad who used to be a father, instead of an uncle.



Isolation

Kitty Wilson

Aquatint/Charcoal

HONORABLE MENTION

Joe Knapka

Rondeau: A Man Nearing 40 Walks Through His Childhood Haunts

The full moon hung in its sunlit room (the glass-
Smooth sky), the spring-dead forest evening-masked
In mist; he walks, treading on fallen boughs,
Observing the contradiction of orbs,
And slips deep into the myth of his past

When wolves came at night, down from the mountain pass
And the ancient steel bridge was their highway, a clasp
Between worlds that shadowed the water below
And the eye of the full moon hung in it.

As the chainlink ripple pattern casts
Itself on the water, he is certain that
The thoughts he thought then, wrapped serpent-like around
His world, were far truer than those he's thinking now--
Blue as the aging spring sky, and lonely as
The full moon hung in it.

Joe Knapka

Nude

She sits alone, eyes invisible, cut
Off by the top of the canvas.
But her breasts, balloons inflated
With blood and water, are so heavy
That if he'd begun to paint just instants
Later she would be entirely visible,
Falling slowly into the world of grey
Where her feet already are.
The air, never enough to hold her up forever,
Nonetheless saved her, this time, from recognition.
So she hovers, hands clasped
Over her groin, as if to prevent
The artist from seeing too deeply inside her
With his pinks and greens and greys.



AND John Mattox

Jennifer Hart

Graphite Drawing

Joan Altman

Kissing Angels

Bisque wings and billowing robes of dull white and grainy surface,
on the hospital window sill in broad daylight
two angels bow and meet in a kiss.

As if they contain a human magnet, the angels attract every visitor;
hands twirl them in a brain-shaking dance,
enough attention to sicken them if they had brains.

The flowers and cards receive only brief "Oh, how nice's"
and then the hands always return to fidget with the angels
until the hour is up and the angels can be set aside
for a quick lean over the bed to even more quickly brush lips
against forehead, goodbye.

When the door closes drawn-out sighs are freed in the hall,
plus one in the room, that falls only on the small white
porcelain angels' ears.

Karen Craigo

Phosphenes

Your life wasn't at all
like a flickering candle, blown
out by the puckered lips
of an ardent worshiper.

Instead it was somewhat like
a camper's gas lamp, slowly,
slowly turned down and out
by the guy who was just told
a ghost story (not terrible,
or even very frightening,
except for that common fear
it reminds its listeners.)

But, sometimes when I pour
coffee into the mug
you liked to drink from
as we chatted in the morning,
I have to shut my eyes, as if
I can shut out you.

("Sorry, I don't have time
for coffee today. I'm running
late--I'll call. . .")

Instead I see you, crisscrossed
inside my eyelids and glowing
with the intensity of a harsh
light imprinted on my retina,
your colors and lines changing
as in an unpleasant dream.

Robin Gingerich

Working life

Days, we have seen, work with memories
jumping out of our past:
making a jumbled mess of normal life,
grouping event to event; as do chains to a
puppy, running in a circle in mud.
It's that circle that we fear,
not the links.



African Suite: Rhinoceros

Dewey Gibbs

Crayonstone Lithograph

Bil Farrar

The Meeting

I thought that these kinds of meetings only happened in stories and on "The Andy Griffith Show" but I soon found out that I was not only wrong but naive. My father said, while I was visiting my old home, "Buy you lunch down at the restaurant." Everyone in Mt. Dewey, (the small mid-western town where I grew up) knew that the restaurant was "Jeff's." Really, it was the only thing that could be considered a restaurant at all, plus the big sign on the front of the brick facaded Quonset hut said "RESTAURANT" in big black letters.

We got in the van that had become synonymous with my father's first name, everyone knew it was Henry in that thing. Before I moved, I would borrow the bright red land shuttle and people I didn't even know would honk and wave and probably said, "Hi, Coach" under their breath.

We arrived at "Jeff's" and Dad parked the same place he always did. I chose to walk in behind him because I knew that all the patrons would greet him and I wasn't going to be in the way of that. My preparations were not in vain, a scattered chorus of "Hey Coach!" washed right over him and dampened me with the freezing fact that as far as the rest of the town was concerned, the only thing my father and I shared was our name. I got his name, just like he got his father's. Fortunately, my parents called me by my nickname, Hank, which didn't suit me very well, but at least I didn't have to live up to the entire title. But to the town I was never much more than the coach's son who never played. Henry retired but the title "Coach" was still his.

"They're all in the back, Coach," the waitress said. My brain spun. I knew what this meant; my father had explained in one of his letters that he had lunch with "the boys" every day now. It had completely slipped my mind, but the realization hit me that my father had asked me to join him in his daily meeting.

I followed the coach across the oversized red, worn carpet that grew up the dinged and scratched paneled walls and into the windowless back room. We sat down in the over-padded booth, done in late American vinyl--brown. I instantly recognized everyone there, and knew that I was definitely an unexpected guest. They all welcomed my Dad, and all but ignored me. "How ya been Coach? Brought the expense account along?"

Dave, a dentist, said "Henry, you came on a good day. We're talking about divorce today." the meeting had begun. Whatever topics that were to come would be handled in a fierce but delicate conversation. My father had mentioned that Yuri Geller was once the fuel for discussion and still held the record for lasting from Tuesday to the following Thursday. Dave put a cigarette in his mouth. No one has ever really seen his mouth; it hid behind a handle-bar mustache that took up so much hair that he couldn't grow any on the front half of his head. "Don't ever get divorced, Coach. Those old girls will milk you for everything you've got."

"I don't plan to," my father said.

"That is the God's honest truth," Jerry confirmed slowly. "Hell, Elaine got the house, everything in it, my dog and even my boat. She only wanted it because she knew I did. Jesus, she tried to get my truck, but I convinced the judge that I needed it for the business."

"I didn't know you and Mary were divorced," my dad said to Dave.

"They aren't," interrupted Kevin, which didn't surprise anyone. he was a lawyer and was used to being in charge of the conversation. "We've been telling him all about it and now he knows better. I'll tell you what, anymore it's almost better to put up with them than to pay for it. I've seen so many men get taken and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it either. The only reason I still have anything is because of my vast training. But, hell, I pay enough child support to put this one" (he pointed his thumb at me) "through college."

I felt like telling him he was a complete chauvinistic bastard, but that feeling never even materialized into a full fledged thought, probably due to the fact that I knew it wouldn't make any difference. The waitress came and asked my father what he wanted. "And for you?" she looked at me.

"I'll have a chef's salad and a cup of tea," I said.

"Turkey, ham or tuna?"

"Just cheese and no dressing."

"That's it?"

I felt three stares from the rest of the table and a slight bit of embarrassment from my father. "It's no wonder he's so skinny, Henry. He eats like a sick kangaroo," remarked Jerry. If Jerry had grown up in an area where there were colloquialisms, he would know them all, but instead he made up little sayings that more than half the time didn't make any sense.

Some time between ordering and when the food actually arrived, the subject changed to tornadoes. Kevin mentioned the fact that he had been reading about them. He didn't mention the fact that he brought it up so he could be the one who knew everything. "Do you know that they grade those goddamned things from one to five?" he said.

"Really?" Dave responded. He proceeded to ask questions about the grading system while Jerry disagreed with Kevin about all the information pertaining to tornadoes. My dad would interject with relevant stories in between questions.

"When we were living out on Route 39, there was a tornado that went right through our back yard. It carried a hen house from the Delbert farm right over the house."

"Really?" Dave said.

"Then all the toilets in the house flushed, and . . ."

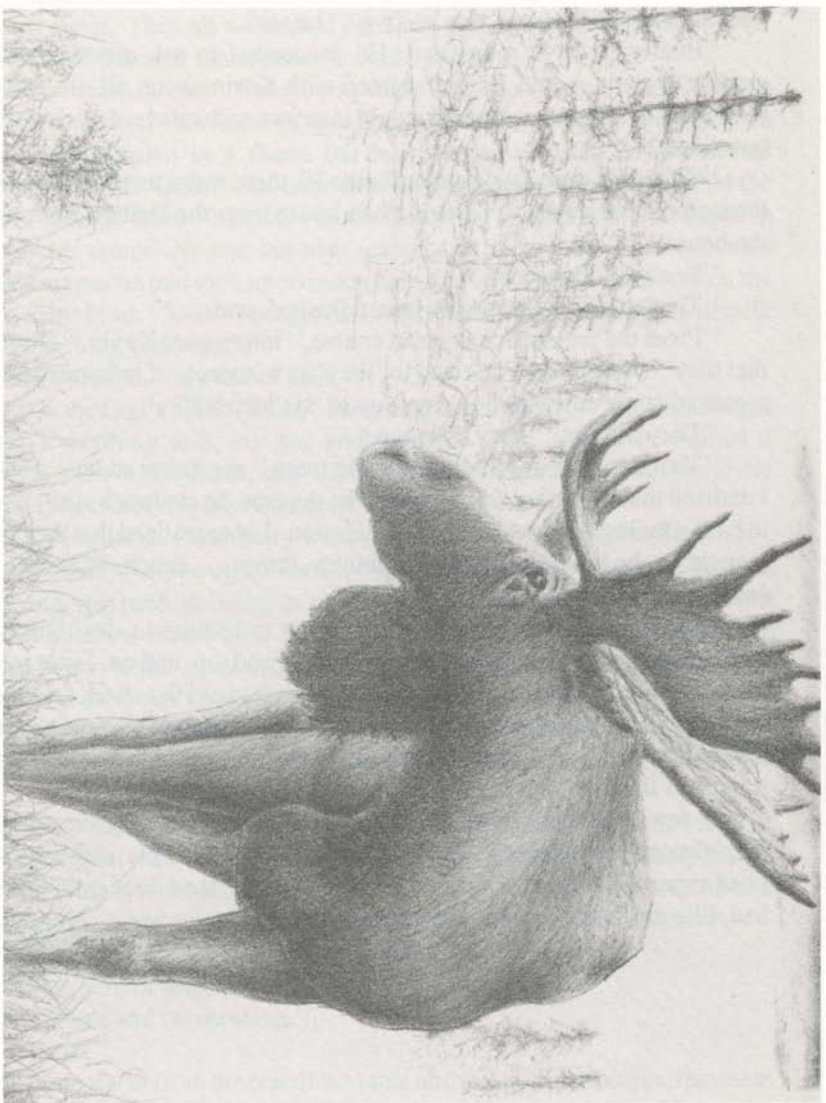
"From the pressure changes of course," interrupted Kevin. "Do you know that they" (Kevin often referred to 'they' as a source of information) "found pieces of straw embedded in trees, up to six inches?"

"They did not," Jerry disagreed.

"That's true, about finding straw in trees," my father added. At that point I realized that my father was nothing like the men he ate lunch with. He seemed to have a far less obvious role in this situation. I also realized that the other three seemed to be looking at him as a mentor, father . . . coach. This was why he came to the meetings.

The conversation went from tornadoes to Indians to lost silver mines, cycled back to divorce, then on to economics and on and on. I was relieved to find out that my father was ready to go and as he paid the check I dodged "See ya, Coach!" coming from all corners of the restaurant. "You weren't very talkative today, Son. I can understand, though; those old farts are really full of it most of the time, but it's a nice diversion now and then."

A few days later, I drove back to school and dropped in on a friend at an all night convenience store. Pretty soon a few more people showed up, just as I had expected, and, like many times before, we talked deep into the night and had, like my father and his friends, a meeting.



Moisnee--Canadian Moose

Dewey Gibbs Crayonstone Lithograph

Kirsten Aurelius

Falling

Tuning her out. Seeing pine needles. Feeling the smooth, cool bark in my hands. Looking down.

“Look at me when I talk to you. You pay attention to what I’m saying. I do all I can for you and you don’t even care when I try to tell you what is good for you. You’re ungrateful. You don’t even thank me when I get you new clothes, not that I should expect it when you leave them all over the floor. But I know what you think of me.”

The clothes didn’t fit. Looking through the branches at my too short pant legs.

“I’m going to stop buying you clothes. You obviously have too many. You can’t put them all away. You don’t appreciate all I do for you. I take you to your aunt’s and then I let you go to your friends’ houses. And how come I never get to meet your friends? You don’t know how privileged you are. I do so much for you.”

Smelling pine pitch. It’s sticky on my fingers, makes them black. I touch the feathery needles again, sleek and green. Green all around me. I cannot see the ground through the green.

“Is it too much to ask that you clean up after yourself? And act like you care? I’m a good mother, really. I let you go to your father’s whenever you want. You get so much. Just be a little thankful. I know I couldn’t possibly ask you to love me but you could pretend. Just a little bit? Just pretend you’re grateful, even just that? . . . Oh, why do I bother? You just live in your own little world, holed up in your shit pile of a room. You don’t care about anything. Are you even listening? Answer me . . . Oh, don’t bother. I’m going upstairs. You disgust me.”

Disgust me, disgust. Footsteps going up. "I HATE YOU!" Footsteps coming back down.

"What did you say?!"

I turn away. My shoulder is wrenched back. I see the hand after my face stings, hot. My head slams the wall. The limb breaks under me and the ground rushes to catch me. I take my hand from my hair and it is sticky, like the pine sap, only red.

"Oh, baby, I'm sorry, oh, God. Please, I'm so sorry."

The kitchen linoleum is too close. Sit up. Dizzy. "It's all right, I'm okay, don't cry mommy, please . . ." In my mind I look up. The sky is brilliant blue through the needles.

Eric Cash

One Day in July

Between the swells that vodka brings,
Sally Struthers tells me how I can actually
help thirty-two Ethiopian children. Just
for fifty cents--the price of a cup of coffee,
two packs of gum, a condom, half a pack
of smokes. Up there, wherever that is, I
wonder how many things she's done without.
If she eats out of cans. Sure, the guilt trips
work. But my mother calls and says that her
hand is bothering her again. Another
operation. Tumors in the hand just don't
seem to make the late night news. And my
wife is wondering if we will ever get out of
this hole. Then there's that chick with
the z-cups who claims that just for 19.95
we can all trim our legs, thighs, BUTTOCKS.
There never seems to be dollar signs
attached, just numbers and fading pounds.

It's morning. Yes, my mother has called.
Where are the children, Mrs. Robinson? Are
they shooting up like the rest of the skeletons
I grew up with? ARC says they'll cure it all.
Never fear, Paul Revere. The red coats are dead
and Sally's going to save us all. And here I am.

The six-packs are empty. The TV's blaring.
Somebody's trying to tell me what the hell ART
is. Art, my beloved, my comrade, is the
Abdominizer. Ronco sells it. Kills tummys.
Kills vermin that the Feds forgot. Kills all of
your problems. And all for the small price of . . .

When I sober, I want to get drunk again.
Blackbirds are singing outside the window.
The redneck who sells cocaine was busted
last night. Told me that Sally Struthers
was one hell of a broad. Said the Japs
are going to own it all in ten years, so
who cares anyway? Said his mother died
of cancer. Said the last thing she said was
marry a Christian. Be damned sure to marry a
Christian woman and have kids, plenty of kids
to take care of you when you're ailing.

Eric Cash

Home

I remember the mice in the attic, scratching nests
in cardboard and manuscripts tossed to time. I listened
to them when the house had settled. Nights longer
than summer demanded, settled heavy on my chest, rested,
then fell away from the tin my grandfather tacked months
earlier. If I could have painted my chest yellow as the
weathering, then my lungs may have forgiven as easily. Too
many cigarettes were smoked. Trying to be cool took
years from everybody, but hindsight is God, nothing more, then.
Squeezed between the planks he set against bats, they made
home in a place where home was forgotten. Typing paper and
words, chewed and fluffed, became bedding where there was no
comfort and as I listened to the small feet moving above my
head, I understood for the first time the words of my father:
The world is grey. Nothing more. Just a feeling. For years
I've carried it like a badge in my typewriter.

INSCAPE STAFF SPRING 89

RAY BAILEY

GEORGE BARNETTE

TARA BLUNK

BEN BUCKNER

KAREN CRAIGO

BIL FARRAR

DONNA GILBERT

JAY GUENTHER

CHRIS HARBAUGH

JOE KNAPKA

BRETT LITTON

ROBIN PENNELL

FACULTY SPONSOR: MICHELLE BOISSEAU

Special thanks to Robert Franzini, Associate Professor of Art, for organizing and co-ordinating the art competition; to Charles Morgan, Associate Professor of Psychology and Director of the Honors Program; to Thomas Sternal, Professor of Art and Department of Art Head; to G. Ronald Dobler, Professor of English and Department of English, Foreign Languages and Philosophy Head, for their generous contribution of prize money.

The *Inscape* Staff would also like to thank the judges of this semester's contest:

ART

**Martha Enzmann, Savannah (Georgia)
College of Art and Design**

POETRY

**Aleda Shirley, Indiana University
Southeast**

FICTION

James Hannah, Murray State

